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William Clyde Friday
and
Ida Howell Friday

By
Georgia Carroll Kyser
and
William Brantley Aycock

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS
NUMBER 9

This edition is limited to
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of which this is number
499

NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY IMPRINTS
H. G. Jones, Editor

No. 1. *An Evening at Monticello: An Essay in Reflection* (1978)
by Edwin M. Gill

No. 2. *The Paul Green I Know* (1978)
by Elizabeth Lay Green

No. 3. *The Albert Coates I Know* (1979)
by Gladys Hall Coates

No. 4. *The Sam Ervin I Know* (1980)
by Jean Conyers Ervin

No. 5. *Sam Ragan* (1981)
by Neil Morgan

No. 6. *Thomas Wolfe of North Carolina* (1982)
edited by H. G. Jones

No. 7. *Gertrude Sprague Carraway* (1982)
by Sam Ragan

No. 8. *John Fries Blair* (1983)
by Margaret Blair McCuiston

No. 9. *William Clyde Friday and Ida Howell Friday* (1984)
by Georgia Carroll Kyser and William Brantley Aycock

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and
Ida Howell Friday

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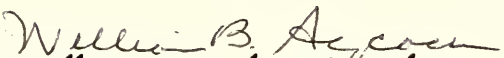

Together with Proceedings of a Banquet on the Occasion of the Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 1984

Chapel Hill
NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY, INC.
1984

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FRIDAY EVENING WITH THE FRIDAYS

On the evening of May 4, 1984, friends attended a reception and banquet in the Carolina Inn, Chapel Hill, honoring William and Ida Friday on the occasion of their acceptance of the North Caroliniana Society Award for 1984. The master of ceremonies was Dr. H. G. Jones, curator of the North Carolina Collection and secretary-treasurer of the North Caroliniana Society, and the award was presented by Archie K. Davis, president of the Society. Georgia Carroll Kyser and William B. Aycock represented the audience with tributes to the Fridays. Their remarks, along with the responses of the recipients, are published in this the ninth number of the North Caroliniana Society Imprints *series.*

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THE NORTH CAROLINIANA SOCIETY
honors
WILLIAM AND IDA FRIDAY

Carolina Inn
Friday, May 4, 1984

Master of Ceremonies
Dr. H.G. Jones, Secretary of the Society

Introduction of Head Table

Dinner

Ida Howell Friday
by
Georgia Carroll Kyser

William Clyde Friday
by
William B. Aycock

Presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award
by
Archie K. Davis, President of the Society

Acceptance
by
Ida and William Friday

The North Caroliniana Society,
in recognition of their public service and
of their contributions to the cultural life
of their fellow North Carolinians,
presents its
North Caroliniana Society Award
to
WILLIAM AND IDA FRIDAY
May 4, 1984

Archie K. Davis
Archie K. Davis
President

H.G. Jones
H.G. Jones
Secretary-Treasurer

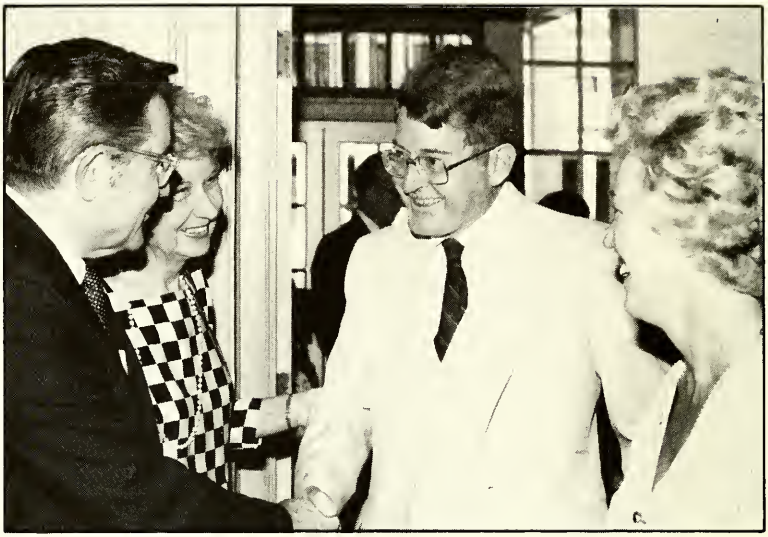
Archie K. Davis, president of the Society, confers the North Caroliniana Society Award for 1984 on William and Ida Friday (top). Mrs. Friday acknowledges the award in the lower photograph. In both pictures, Georgia Carroll Kyser, one of the speakers, is at left. (All photos by Jerry W. Cotten.)

William B. Aycock (at right in the top picture) served as chancellor of UNC-CH under President Friday. Here he is with his sister, Katherine Aycock Boyette, and Messrs. Davis and Friday. At bottom, Asa T. Spaulding, Sr., of Durham (foreground) is welcomed to the reception preceding the dinner.

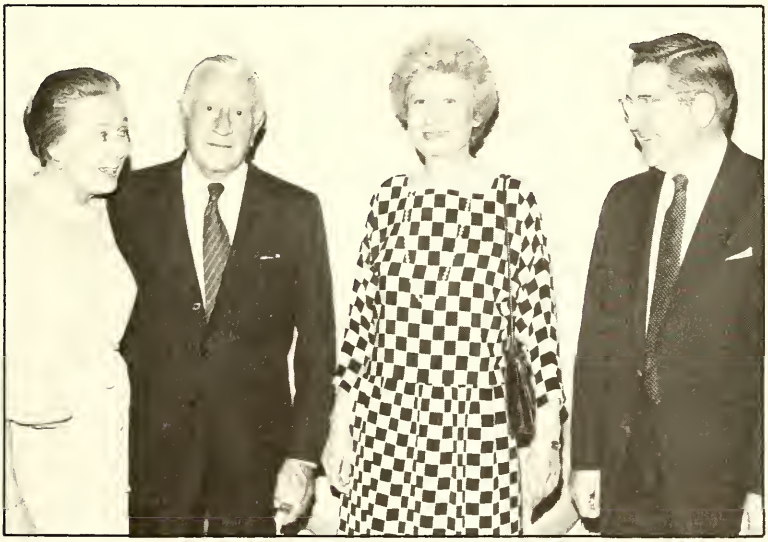
In the top photo, the Fridays greet Dr. and Mrs. Charles F. Carroll of Raleigh, and at bottom is Judge Willis P. Whichard of the North Carolina Court of Appeals. Friday and Carroll worked closely together when the latter was state superintendent of public instruction.

Congressman Ike Andrews, whose district includes Orange County, congratulates the Fridays in the upper photograph. In the lower picture are Charles Aycock Poe and his wife, Betty. Poe, a Raleigh attorney, is the son of the late Clarence Poe, longtime editor and state cultural and agricultural leader.

The Fridays chat with Sam and Marjorie Ragan of Southern Pines at top. Ragan, author, editor, and first secretary of the Department of Cultural Resources, was recipient of the North Caroliniana Society Award in 1981. At bottom is Dr. James F. Govan, university librarian at UNC.



At top, D. Clifton Brock, Jr., and his wife, Eunice, greet the Fridays. Brock is associate university librarian for special collections. In lower photograph is William T. Couch, former director of the presses at the University of North Carolina and University of Chicago.



Louis M. Connor, Jr., and Gertrude S. Carraway, both members of the Society's board of directors, pose with the Fridays in the upper photo. Dr. Carraway was recipient of the award in 1982. In the lower photo are Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Kenan of Durham, faithful supporters of the University.

At top left are the Fridays with Henry A. Foscue, former chairman of the board of trustees; and at top right, Georgia Carroll Kyser poses with her husband, bandleader Kay Kyser. William B. Aycock and Charlie (Choo-Choo) Justice banter in lower photo with Betty Hodges of the *Durham Morning Herald.*

H. G. JONES, Master of Ceremonies:

Friends of Ida and William Friday — and you are here because you are a friend:

Welcome to a somewhat altered format of "North Carolina People" in which William Friday, instead of interviewing another North Carolinian, will, with his partner, Ida, figuratively face the camera and serve as the subjects of the probing investigation of two of their longtime associates and the friendly eyes of you, their longtime admirers.

This is the first time that the North Caroliniana Society Award for contributions to the cultural life of our state has been given jointly, but our board of directors, like you, could not think of one of the Fridays without the other. Individually each deserves our recognition; together, they constitute a rare state cultural resource, and they honor us by allowing us to spend this evening with them.

Those who have attended previous award dinners will observe at least two changes this year. For the first time we have not conspired with our speakers to harass our recipients, not because they and we would not enjoy a real Friday roast, including a slam dunk by the captain of the girls' basketball team of Lumberton High School, but because of our profound desire to show them our respect and admiration for their services to North Carolina. Second, this is the shortest head table we've ever had, mainly because so many who ought to be up here on the stage wanted to see the Fridays face-on rather than sideways. Because you already know them and will later hear from most of them, I now simply name those on display and ask them to stand and remain standing until all have been introduced — and will you withhold your applause:

From my right: Katherine Aycock Boyette, Archie K. Davis, Georgia Carroll Kyser; and from my left: Kay Kyser and William B. Aycock. And now would you join in welcoming our recipients, Ida and Bill Friday.

In the audience is one of the Fridays' three daughters, Frances, and her husband, Jack Mullen.

And because you are all distinguished guests, I will limit further introductions to three of the previous six recipients of the North Caroliniana Society Award: 1979, Albert Coates; 1981, Sam Ragan; and 1982, Gertrude Carraway. Paul Green, our initial recipient, is now with us only in influence and memory; Senator Sam Ervin, our 1980 recipient, sent his very best wishes to "two of my favorite people;" and John Fries Blair, last year's recipient, is recovering from eye surgery and sends his congratulations and warm regards.

Will you now visit with your table companions and enjoy your dinner. We will be back for dessert.

We usually select for our North Caroliniana Society Award dinner a date that has particular meaning for the recipients. For Paul Green, for instance, it was his 84th birthday. Insofar as we know, May 4 has no special significance for Bill and Ida Friday, but May 13, the date we wanted to pick, comes a week from Sunday, the University's commencement day. You see, forty-two years ago on May 13, Ida Willa Howell became the bride of William Clyde Friday. Nine days in advance, let's wish them a happy anniversary.

So, we chose the second busiest weekend of the year, one that competes with functions at the constituent institutions of the University system, with the trip of many Tar Heels to England in commemoration of the quadricentennial of the Roanoke voyages, and with last-minute political campaigning. Many of your friends, Bill and Ida, have sent their regrets, including Governor Terry Sanford, whose Duke trustees are meeting tonight; Governor Hunt, who is — well, just guess; and Governor Moore, who preferred not to share Jeanelle with a large crowd on this particular night, their fifty-first wedding anniversary. George Watts Hill, Sam Ervin, Eunice Ervin, George London, Isaac Copeland, Jane Bahnsen, and Billy Arthur sent with their regrets contributions in your honor. In that connection, bide your time, for in a few months you will receive a little publication in the *North Caroliniana Society Imprints* series containing the entire proceedings of this evening, and at that time you will be given a suggestion of how you may further express your goodwill for the Fridays.

In this ballroom are more than 250 North Carolinians whose lives have been touched by you, Bill and Ida Friday. Each has been a beneficiary of your services to the state, and each knows you in a different way. I recall, for instance, one of my early dealings with Ida. She and her friend Georgia Kyser came to see me when I was director of the State Department of Archives and History in hopes of obtaining an allocation of public funds with which to save the Horace Williams House. When I explained commitments to other statewide priorities, they left disappointed but with a pledge to accomplish their goal anyway. Now, each time we drive down Franklin Street, a quick glance — and on that curve only a quick glance is safe — reminds us that the efforts of these two women launched the movement that provides Chapel Hill with a unique community facility.

Bill Friday is for me a clock, for at seven o'clock in the morning I meet him as he goes to his office. More importantly, in the age of facade, he is a man who looks past fancy covers and faddish jargon to the substance of the stream of reports that inundate his office. He recognizes mediocrity for what it is: a status with neither satisfaction nor pride.

Any of you tonight could talk about the Bill and Ida Friday that you know. We have chosen to speak for you two persons who have special reason to know them well. In the spirit of this occasion, they are friends of the Fridays.

One of Ida Friday's closest neighbors is also a close friend who shares her interest in art, history, and culture. Together they have sparked a reawakening of the community's pride in its cultural resources. Their imprint may be seen all around this town, and nowhere more visibly than here in the Carolina Inn, which John Sprunt Hill gave to the University to help support the North Carolina Collection. It was Ida Friday and Georgia Kyser who recently redecorated the Inn. In the public rooms and the sleeping rooms, you see their taste and talents.

Above a pool in the Texas state fairgrounds is a statue by sculptor Pierre Bourdelle. Since posing for that statue when she was a youngster, a tall Texan has passed through three careers that put her in the national limelight. As a model, she graced the covers of national magazines.

Work as a movie actress led to her association with a great American institution figuratively attended by millions — the Kollege of Musical Knowledge, whose mortarboarded professor made her the lead singer in his immensely popular orchestra. He also made her the woman of his life, and when they gave up their radio and television contracts, he brought her to his native state and to this university town, where they have reared a family and enriched the life of the community. Tonight she has something to say about Ida Friday, and I am glad to present her as Professor Kay Kyser presented her four decades ago — "Miss Gorgeous Georgia Carroll."

IDA HOWELL FRIDAY

By Georgia Carroll Kyser

Ida Friday has been my good friend for thirty-two years. In fact, she was the first friend I made when Kay and I moved to Chapel Hill in 1951.

We had moved here because Kay had always wanted to live here. He had gone to school here, started his orchestra here, and he had inherited a family house here. Most important, we both liked the small town atmosphere, good values, and intellectual opportunities that we could find here for our daughters, as well as for ourselves.

I had not had a college education when I was younger, and I looked forward to taking classes in the University once I got settled. My special interest was art, so my first course was Robert Howard's Beginning Sculpture. In this class I became friends with a young woman, just my age: Ida Friday. Because we were both slightly older than the other students and both married, we had much in common. We also shared an interest in learning more about art and loved discussing it. I soon learned that academically Ida was way ahead of me. She had not only graduated from Meredith College as a home economics major; she had a master's degree from Carolina in public health.

Her husband, Bill, had graduated from State, majoring in textile engineering, and also had a law degree from UNC. At the time, Bill was working as assistant to the president of the University, Gordon Gray. At Christmas, Kay and I were invited to the Fridays' very modest apartment to make fruitcake, using Ida's family recipe (a tradition that continues in both our families). She and Bill apologized for their shabby furnishings, explaining that they were saving up to buy new furniture when they built their new house. They showed me their plans, and I think I made a few suggestions. Now, thirty-two years later, I'm doing the same thing as they build their retirement house.

During this early period, Ida and I took several art classes together and became even better friends. In the meantime, the Fridays moved into

their new contemporary home. We shared their joy when their first child, Frances, arrived, and a few years after when Mary and Betsy came along. Since we both now had three-daughter families, there was much exchanging of outgrown children's clothes back and forth between the Kysers and the Fridays. The families, too, spent hours together swimming in our pool in the summer.

By now, Bill had become president of the University, at 36, the youngest in the country. That was the good news. The bad news was that this meant Bill and Ida had to move out of their new house into the "President's Mansion." The good news was that that house is only two doors from ours. At the time, the furniture in the president's house consisted of eight dining room chairs and one grandfather's clock. That's all. The task of furnishing so large a house was so great that Billy Carmichael arranged for Ida to have the services of interior designer Otto Zenke. When she made her selections, Ida asked me to come along, for moral support as much as anything. I loved doing this because I had always had a great interest in the decorative arts. Ida's choices were evidently good because basically the house is the same today, twenty-eight years later. It has not only held up well; it is better, thanks to Ida. She just never stops learning and improving. All through the years she has observed, becoming knowledgeable about antiques, and upgrading — constantly replacing reproductions with valuable antiques. This was done through encouraging and soliciting generous donations from alumni. When the Fridays eventually retire, they will leave behind a very valuable collection for the benefit of the University and the state and the use of the next president and his family.

This is just one small example of how Ida has grown and continues to grow in the job of both wife of the president and as a remarkable person in her own right. She grows because of her amazing openness of thought and her humility. She is never afraid to admit that she doesn't know something. She stays flexible. If a better way can be found to do something, she'll change. She grows, too, because she is the most diligent, self-effacing, hardworking person I know, with the possible exception of her husband, Bill Friday.

For the first few years, the challenges of running a big house and raising three children gave Ida little time for activities outside her role as president's wife, but she was taking advantage of every opportunity to observe and learn in her new role. She traveled around the country to other universities and even went to the White House on several occasions. Also she began traveling in other countries. Her first trip outside our country was to Mexico with our family. Bill was too busy to go. Our later trips included Europe, North Africa, Greece, Turkey, and the Orient. Bill encouraged Ida to go each time because he could see how much she was being enriched by each foreign experience. Ida's eagerness to see and learn was such fun to share, and she wanted to know and see everything — and she didn't miss much. Also, our art training came in handy during these times.

Back home, Ida gradually started working on different boards that caught her interest — the Council for the Aging and the League of Women Voters, for example. Thanks to Ida, I became more aware of my own responsibility as a citizen to learn as much as possible about candidates — and to vote! She and Bill also encouraged me to work for a degree from the University. I was afraid I couldn't do it — didn't know enough, wasn't smart enough — but with their encouragement, and after a mere nineteen years, I did receive my degree. I wasn't *that* slow a student, but family responsibilities and time out to have another child delayed my studies.

A year or so later, Ida and I labored as cochairmen for the first symphony ball held at the Governor's Mansion. She did most of the work, and I was impressed by her attention to detail. It was largely due to her efforts that we were able to raise so much money for the North Carolina Symphony.

Our next joint effort was starting the Preservation Society, which we agonized over for four years. We both were dedicated to the idea that Chapel Hill must not be ruined by the rapid growth that was taking place — that we must encourage citizens and developers to save structures worth saving and to preserve our rock walls and the trees, and to maintain the small scale in what is now the Historic District. Here again

Ida did most of the work and cheerfully took on the responsibility of serving as the president. Since then she has headed the Stagville Preservation Board, North Carolina Central University Art Museum Board, Roanoke Island Historical Association, and the Bicentennial Commission for Chapel Hill, and she served on the Appearance Commission. She was primarily responsible for the success of the Cartier Soirée that raised thousands of dollars for the North Carolina Art Museum. Each year Ida has worked tirelessly to get support for the American Dance Festival. For the past year, she has been working on housing for the aged and the women's center, which is her favorite project of the moment. And this is not all that she has done — just some of the highlights.

I love it when Ida calls on the phone and Louise Parrish, my help, answers. She calls me by saying, "Your sister is on the phone." Just how has "sister" Ida been able to accomplish so much? I've never known anyone whose motivations are more pure than Ida's. She has no ego problems — never expects or looks for applause or praise — but once she is committed to a project, she gets very involved and simply works harder than most people. And she has great courage, courage to take on the responsibility of difficult tasks. Her satisfaction comes simply from seeing a job well done and making things better for us all.

Thank you, Ida, for your contributions to the cultural enrichment of our state, and thank you, Bill, for supporting her and giving her the freedom to grow and be a person in her own right.

DR. JONES:

Perhaps it is not surprising that a fellow born in Lucama, brought up in Selma, schooled at North Carolina State College, trained by the National Youth Administration, and tested under fire as a public school teacher and as a World War II battalion commander, should have acquired the qualities that prepared him for a distinguished career. Somehow, though, we suspect it was his graduate work in history and law here at Chapel Hill that helped shape the man who has been recognized by decorations for valor on the battlefield, commendations for effective support of Dr. Frank Porter Graham in India and Pakistan, and repeated awards for excellence in the classroom. In 1948 he joined the faculty of the UNC Law School, and only nine years later he was elected chancellor of the University. His tenure coincided with the beginning of a stressful era on college campuses, but despite such challenges as increased student militancy and passage of the Speaker-Ban act, he maintained the steady course of the University, and in 1964 he returned to his prime commitment, teaching. Thus for seven years as chancellor he worked intimately with President Friday, and he has remained a warm friend. We are delighted to hear Professor William B. Aycock tell us about the William Friday that he knows.

WILLIAM CLYDE FRIDAY

By William Brantley Aycock

For more than a quarter of a century public higher education in North Carolina and Bill Friday have grown together to fashion a seamless web.

The genesis of public higher education in this state is found in the Constitution of North Carolina adopted in 1776. Article 41 provides: "...[A]ll useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities." Mrs. Gladys Tillett of Charlotte, a member of the Board of Trustees of the three-campus University, attributed the authorship of this constitutional provision to Waightstill Avery, who was then living in Charlotte. Due largely to Mrs. Tillett's efforts, in 1958 a new building located on the Chapel Hill campus was named in Avery's honor. The following fall new faculty members in an orientation session were informed of the Waightstill Avery story. A newcomer to the faculty inquired if the delay of 182 years did not appear to be a bit long. True, but the newcomer was informed that, even so, the naming of the building provides concrete proof that when one does something significant for education in North Carolina sooner or later recognition will be forthcoming.

Until recently a cautious nature prevailing in North Carolina dictated that a public servant should not be acknowledged fully until death, or at least until retirement. Happily, President Archie Davis, Dr. H. G. Jones, and the North Caroliniana Society have made it possible for us to come together to honor two among us who are still serving us well. Here they are — Ida and Bill: gifted, hardworking, vibrant, radiant, and in full flower.

My assignment is to talk about the Bill Friday I know. Bill has only two categories of friends — old friends and new friends. Beyond that there are no categories. All friends to him are special. Thus I will be talking about the Bill Friday *we* know. To talk a bit about both Bill and Ida

involves more than honoring two great friends and two friendly greats. It brings a tinge of excitement and an inner satisfaction that comes when we pause, as we do this evening, to "smell the roses on the way."

Bill and I first met as beginning law students at Chapel Hill. I soon learned something about his past. He came to Chapel Hill after serving as a lieutenant in the Navy in World War II. His parents were David Latham and Mary Elizabeth Rowan Friday. Born in Raphine, Virginia, he and his sister, Betty, and three brothers, Rudd, Dave, and John, grew up in Dallas, North Carolina. After attending Wake Forest College for a year, he transferred to North Carolina State College where, in 1941, he earned a degree in textile engineering. At State he was president of the senior class and a member of the two campuswide leadership societies — Blue Key and Golden Chain.

As an undergraduate at State he got a taste of administration while working in the office of the dean of students. In addition, he did part-time work with the sports publicity department. One of his duties on the sports side was to serve as "spotter" for the legendary Ray Reeves, who broadcast the N. C. State football games. Orville Campbell, now editor and publisher of the *Chapel Hill Newspaper,* was the "spotter" for Carolina. This is where Bill and Orville first met. Since then, they have met many times, usually to do good things for this community. Most recently, they met to launch the campaign to "Save the Y." Any "spotter" will identify Bill and Orville immediately as two of the most highly esteemed citizens in this university community.

In law school, Bill Friday and I were in the same study group. In this group was William A. Dees, Jr., who became the first chairman of the Board of Governors of the sixteen institutions now comprising the University of North Carolina. Last month William Dees received the Distinguished Service Award, the nation's highest honor for trustees, at a meeting of the National Conference on Trusteeship in San Francisco. John R. Jordan, Jr., the current chairman of the Board of Governors, also was a member of our study group. Another member was J. Dickson Phillips, Jr., a former professor of law and dean of the UNC Law School, and now a distinguished judge of the United States Court of Appeals.

William A. Johnson, the second chairman of the Board of Governors, was not a member of the group inasmuch as he graduated from law school before we arrived.

The Fridays and the Aycocks were neighbors during law school days. Daniels Road was a short street on the back side of the original Victory Village. There we were fortunate to live in prefabricated houses secured by the University from the armed services after World War II. In Victory Village we first met Pansy Howell, the mother of Ida, a public school teacher for many years who was in Chapel Hill for graduate study. Also living on our street were friends who later worked for the University and who are still with us. Ginny Wells was secretary to Bill Friday, and she is now with the University at Chapel Hill. Among our other neighbors were Joe and Ginny Hilton, Emil and Eliska Chanlett, Gordon and Martha Cleveland, and Martha McKee, whose late husband, Bob, was professor of chemistry.

It was not surprising that Bill Friday became a friend of everyone in law school. He was elected president of the Student Bar Association. He brought vigor and vision to the post and established a foundation for service to the law school that impressed not only his fellow students, but also Dean Wettach and a faculty comprised of outstanding teachers and scholars: Coates, Breckenridge, Van Hecke, McCall, Hanft, Dalzell, Brandis and Baer. In 1948, Bill was awarded the degree in law and promptly passed the North Carolina bar examination.

Upon graduation from law school, he chose not to practice law. Fred Weaver, dean of students at Chapel Hill, was able to induce him to become his assistant. In 1948, Bill went to South Building to work in the office of Fred Weaver, and in the local administration of Chancellor Robert House.

In 1950, while Bill was working in the office of the dean of students, my family had to leave Victory Village because the limited time for occupancy would soon expire. Housing was very scarce in Chapel Hill and we decided to build. This was possible only if we did much of the work. Bill Friday was interested in our home building project. On one occasion I recall he came by after hours and found us painting. He

shed his coat and took a long and productive turn with the paintbrush. A year or so later the Fridays decided to build. Inasmuch as I had done some cement work at our house I offered to help with their cement work. Ida, always in search for a touch of beauty, secured some colorful pebbles to insert in the cement. To properly insert pebbles in cement was beyond my experience. Some pebbles sank out of sight and others protruded too much. Ida, in keeping with her gracious nature, was mercifully silent about the quality of my assistance on this project. Years later, when Thomas Kenan and his mother, Harriet DuBose Gray, donated a magnificent Waterford chandelier to the University President's House, it arrived disassembled and without instructions. When Ida turned to Georgia Kyser and not me for help on this delicate project, I understood fully.

Bill has always loved children and they him. My wife, Grace, and I were concerned that our children, Bill and Nancy, prematurely we thought, became cynical about Santa Claus. When Bill Friday heard about it, he utilized his finest Santa Claus telephone voice to revive their hopes and dreams. Ida and Bill are loving and dutiful parents. Frances is a professional nurse and she and her husband, Jack Mullen, are the parents of Miranda, the first grandchild. Mary is an attorney, and Betsy is a professional dancer. To know these children, as I do, leads me to the happy conclusion that Ida and Bill have the family that they richly deserve.

In 1948, as assistant dean of students, Bill started at the entry level of university administration. His ascent was spectacular. When Gordon Gray succeeded Dr. Frank Graham as president, he selected Bill as his assistant and Bill thus became the first secretary of the University system. In a few years Bill was appointed acting president to serve while the Board of Trustees searched for a new president. The search was nationwide and over 140 candidates were appraised. In the meantime, Bill, as acting president, was performing as a president is supposed to perform. The trustees began to think that the person they were looking for was already in the job. As expected, reservations about Bill were expressed by faculty groups who traditionally favor the selection of administrators from their own ranks. This faculty concern stems from fear that the unique

role of the faculty may not be understood. A university cannot be equated to a business organization or to the military establishment. The faculty, as the work force, is composed solely of generals. The business of the faculty is to hunt after truth. Dividends from this business simply cannot be measured on a quarterly basis. Bill understood this from the beginning. The trustees soon realized that he understood. The right man was already on hand. Thus, at the age of thirty-six, only eight years after graduation from law school, Bill became the president of the University. Understandably, this amazing ascent up the ladder of educational administration received national attention.

At the time Bill became president, Gordon Gray characterized him in this manner: "He is a man of deep moral conviction, unimpeachable integrity. . . and capacity for growth." In this appraisal we concur. The Bill Friday I know has utilized to the fullest his opportunities to grow in wisdom and understanding. Often I think about an observation made by Chancellor House to the effect that on a university campus there are many values that are caught and not taught. Bill "caught" the best from his associates. His natural rapport with students was enriched by working with Fred Weaver. To catch the spirit of Dr. Frank Graham was not difficult for Bill because that spirit was consistent with his own instincts.

Vice-President Billy Carmichael was a master in working with the General Assembly. Those of us who saw his calling card for legislators will never forget the inscription: "How can we run a vast university on a half vast budget?" Equally important were the efforts made by Billy Carmichael to forge a partnership between the business community and higher education. From these able and dedicated men — House, Graham, Weaver, Carmichael, and Gray — and from such stalwarts on the Board of Trustees as George Watts Hill, Sr., Henry Foscue, and the late John Umstead, Bill was able to nourish his own values. From these associations emerged Bill Friday, the educational leader, whose leadership is laced with friendship but always with the right touch of dignity.

Legislation in 1931 provided that the University of North Carolina, the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering, and the North Carolina College for Women be consolidated and merged into

"The University of North Carolina." These three campuses comprised the system presided over by Frank Graham, Gordon Gray, and Harris Purks. But it was under Bill Friday that the system began to expand.

In the 1960s, Charlotte, Asheville, and Wilmington were brought into the fold. Meanwhile, the General Assembly authorized the establishment of a Board of Higher Education with responsibilities that overlapped those of the Consolidated University. Conflicts were inevitable. In 1971, while Robert Scott was governor, this dilemma was resolved. Sixteen institutions, including the School of the Arts, were brought under the jurisdiction of a single Board of Governors. This board, without a pause, selected Bill as president of the new and enlarged system.

To establish a workable organization for these sixteen institutions called for administrative skill of the highest order. The personnel of the former Board of Higher Education had to be merged with the staff of the university system. The mutual respect that exists between Bill and his staff in the General Administration is of such grand dimension that only they can express it adequately. Today, in addition to his efficient staff of coworkers, there are chancellors, deans, department heads, directors, and finance officers on each of sixteen campuses. Bill is the linchpin that connects this complex system of higher education that radiates throughout the state. Consistently he has demonstrated administrative skill of the highest order.

Often problems arise in university administration that test the mettle of those in positions of responsibility. Let me touch on three problems to demonstrate that the "mettle" in Bill is hard steel. Bill likes sports. In his youth he played baseball and wrote sports for the *Gastonia Gazette.* His current interests range from seeking reforms in the NCAA to helping Lambda Chi Alpha in bouncing a basketball to raise funds to fight cystic fibrosis. Occasionally, he gets in a round at Finley Golf Course, and he is clearly a better player than many of us who try it more often. In 1960, troubles emerged in the basketball programs in the university system. Something needed to be done to return the sport to its proper role. Bill took action. Schedules were reduced and recruiting was curtailed. The popular Dixie Classic was terminated. Bill knew that a storm of criticism would follow. He was absolutely correct. But the situation has been better ever since.

In 1963, hard on the heels of the athletic difficulties, came the Speaker Ban Law which placed a special limitation on the freedom of speech in public higher education. John Sanders was the first person I know who made a detailed legal analysis of this law. We recall the efforts of the press of the state and of the alumni to remove this law from the books. Among these alumni were twice-Pulitzer Prize winner Vermont Royster, William Snider, McNeill Smith, and R. Mayne Albright. In 1965 the General Assembly, on the recommendation of the Britt Commission appointed by Governor Moore, deleted the mandatory prohibitive language of the law but did not repeal it. Finally, in 1968 on the initiative of Paul Dickson III and other student leaders at Chapel Hill, a lawsuit was instituted which led to the amended law being declared unconstitutional. Thus five years of controversy came to an end.

Overlooked in this story is that when Bill Friday started to marshall forces in 1963 to secure repeal of the law soon after it was passed, he encountered a serious obstacle. Many members of the Board of Trustees did not understand the serious effect this law would have on higher education, and they were unwilling to venture into the political mine field that surrounded it. Bill quietly arranged an educational campaign for the trustees. It extended across the state. The power of education began to manifest itself, and in due course most of the trustees joined in the campaign to secure repeal.

I surmise the most difficult problem during the past twenty-eight years for Bill involved the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The origins of the legal controversy occurred in 1970 when a suit was brought by the Legal Defense Fund against HEW seeking to force that agency to achieve more desegregation in higher education. In 1973, HEW called upon President Friday to submit a plan for desegregation. In 1974, the requested plan was submitted by the University and approved by HEW. But three years later, in 1977, the court, in the Legal Defense Fund case against HEW, disapproved UNC's 1974 plan. The heart of the controversy between HEW and the University in the formulation of a new plan was not over goals but the means to achieve those goals. HEW officials apparently did not appreciate the difference

between higher education and the military establishment. Somehow, they assumed it was feasible to shift students and faculty from campus to campus in the same manner as military personnel are shifted from one unit to another. To the extent that HEW sought to exercise control over higher education in North Carolina, Bill and the Board of Governors stood steadfast against it. In 1981, the University initiated a lawsuit against HEW. The result was a consent decree in which the University made commitments to increase minority presence in enrollments and employment and to further develop the predominately black institutions. At the same time, the University retained control of the means to achieve these goals.

Interwoven in Bill's leadership in the University system is a legion of other accomplishments. To mention the National Humanities Center in the Research Triangle Park immediately brings to mind Archie Davis and Bill Friday and their work to bring this center to North Carolina. Bill has recently served as chairman of the Commission on the Future of North Carolina — the Year 2000 Project — in which a blueprint for the future of the state is encompassed in a hundred or more recommendations concerning our people, economy, natural resources, and community development. His television program on WUNC-TV — "North Carolina People" — is widely viewed and applauded throughout the state.

On the national scene he has achieved recognition for his work in such abundance that one must be selective. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Howard University, president of the Association of American Universities, chairman of the American Council of Education, chairman of the Commission on White House Fellows, chairman of President Johnson's Task Force on Education in 1966 and, ten years later, chairman of President Carter's Task Force on Education. Among his several activities on the national scene at present is his work on the commission to study the state university system of New York.

Achievements have not gone unnoticed. Honorary degrees are many. In 1980, Ida and Bill were invited to the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. The event was the dedication of a new building

for the school of business administration. The name of the new structure is the "Ida and Bill Friday Building." A year later, Ida and Bill were the first couple to receive the North Carolina Public Service Award. At this occasion, former governors Sanford, Moore, Scott, and Holshouser, along with Governor Hunt, spoke. Were Governor Hodges living, he would have been there to repeat what he once said: "All we know about Bill Friday is good." So it was then, so it is now.

We cannot now know the direction tides of destiny will flow. But the year 2000 is sure to come. At that time the names of those who made great contributions in the enhancement of the quality of life in North Carolina will be assembled. We can predict that Ida and Bill will be high on the list. For now, we know that they have earned in full measure the award each is about to receive.

DR. JONES:

We now come to the rites of absolution.

We are here tonight not only to honor the Fridays but to forgive them for an offense over which neither had control. The magnanimity of a people known as Tar Heels permits the pardon of even such an egregious error as having been born outside our borders. Our North Caroliniana Society Award signifies that Bill and Ida have done their penance and that the vale of humility now thanks the two mountains of conceit for sending us this valuable couple.

Several years ago, we wanted to give our award to Archie K. Davis. He had just received the North Carolina Award, and the National Humanities Center — which owes its location in the Triangle largely to the work of this man — was about to name its building for him. He told us that he would be terribly embarrassed by further attention.

Now, we all know that the best time to negotiate a deal is when the second party is embarrassed. So we quickly struck up a bargain: Archie would accept the presidency of the Society on condition that he never receive the North Caroliniana Society Award. He is a firm president, and I am under instruction not to mention his distinguished career, one that

has brought great honor to our state. I am permitted only to tell you how he became the University's most unusual student.

A dozen years ago, Mr. Davis — as I deferentially called him at that time — came to my office in Raleigh, pulled a chair up close, and shared with me a secret. [I later learned that he shared the same "secret" with several of you.] When he graduated from UNC in 1932, he wanted to go on to graduate school in history, but in the depths of the Depression he was hesitant to turn down a banking job. Maybe next year, he thought. Forty years later, he wanted to assuage his guilty conscience and follow his ambition to return to school for advanced study in history. What did I think of the idea?

I of course encouraged him, having little expectation that this busy corporate executive would ever be able to carry through his proposal. Neither of us could have known that just a few years later both he and I would be at UNC — he as a graduate student, I as his faculty advisor! Archie received his master's degree in 1976, and two years ago completed his three-volume, sixteen-pound dissertation titled *The Boy Colonel: The Life and Times of Henry King (Harry) Burgwyn, Jr.* I have no doubt that within a year or so a book — somewhat abridged, I hope — will appear. Meanwhile, he makes only one demand of his Alma Mater: that it accept each semester his registration fee, for he insists upon being the University's only *permanent* student. Ladies and gentlemen, of my thousands of students over the years, my *star* pupil, Archie Davis.

ARCHIE K. DAVIS:

In one evening, let alone this fleeting moment, how can we possibly convey to Ida and Bill Friday the depth of our gratitude for their long and dedicated service to the University of North Carolina, to higher education, to our cultural heritage, and to the people of this great state? Their record is one that commands both state and national acclaim. Countless tributes have been given in their honor. And yet, somehow, mere words seem so inadequate to express not only our pride and gratitude but, indeed, our love and affection for these two noble friends who have so generously given of their talents, who have served so unselfishly

and with such rare distinction, who have walked among us with such grace and charm, and who, finally, have demanded nothing in return, leaving only goodwill and abiding respect in their wake.

As I speak, I realize that I may be disqualifying myself for the honor of presenting to Ida and Bill the North Caroliniana Society Award, for I am neither poet nor lyricist. Another disqualification could conceivably be the fact that, as a student at this University, my praise of my president might be considered more self-serving than objective. I hasten to add, however, that I am one student without aspiration or hope of graduation! My only justification for the privilege of presenting the award is, therefore, the fact that I am exercising the prerogative of the president of the Society. This I do with joy, in the full knowledge that I speak for all of you who have come to pay tribute to our honored guests. May I now quote from one who has been associated with them for many years as friend and colleague:

"The University of North Carolina will bear the impress of this gifted and dedicated man for as long as it endures. He has literally lived for it, and continues to live for it, and for what it represents in its highest ideals and aspirations. That he has done so is a tribute to Ida Friday, as much as to him, for she has unfailingly shared his burdens, his trials, and his triumphs. Like him, Ida Friday has also dedicated her life to the University of North Carolina. For those who have worked with Bill Friday, and for all those in North Carolina and beyond, who are the beneficiaries of his work, our debt to both of them is beyond measure."

May I now read the citation:

"The North Caroliniana Society,
in recognition of their public service and
of their contributions to the cultural life
of their fellow North Carolinians,
presents its
North Caroliniana Society Award
to
WILLIAM AND IDA FRIDAY
May 4, 1984."

IDA HOWELL FRIDAY:

Having given up many a Friday night ourselves, Bill and I are most grateful for your presence this evening. It is always a joy to be in your company.

I want to say something about Georgia, not about what she said tonight — grateful as I am for it — but about all those years of help generously given me that have made such a remarkable difference in my life.

First, we started decorating and furnishing the empty president's house, and she and Otto Zenke, the wonderful decorator from Greensboro, instilled in me a sensitivity to interior design. When Bill didn't have time to travel, it was Georgia and Kay who invited me to join their family for my first trip out of the country. After that wonderful visit to Mexico, I traveled with Georgia and other friends in Europe, Asia, and Africa, enriching my life.

Whether it was organizing the Chapel Hill Preservation Society or planning official occasions, Georgia was always willing to advise and assist. Georgia, I thank you.

As I look about me I see many others here tonight who have been our dear friends with whom we have been involved in some activity, in some capacity, over the last quarter century. These associations have made our lives richer and more rewarding.

Back in 1956 neither Bill nor I had any idea of what his appointment really required nor where it would lead. As it turned out, it has been a wonderful opportunity for both of us to grow and learn and to be a part of the ever-changing life of the University and of the state. It has been exciting and in some ways very demanding; nevertheless, it has been worth all the time and effort, and we thank you for the opportunity of serving our state.

Finally, I want to say something rather personal. By having a husband who encouraged me to grow, who assisted along the way, who opened opportunities for experiences, who gave his wife and his daughters equal rights, I am able to share tonight's award with him.

We accept this award recognizing how much so many of you have done to make this evening possible. We thank you and we love you.

WILLIAM C. FRIDAY:

Ida and I thank you for this occasion. Georgia, H. G., Bill, and Archie have said some nice things and made us recall many memories, and we thank them for it. The credit for this award belongs to those splendid men and women with whom we associate day by day. They are the best colleagues any university president could ever hope to have. It is their dedication, intelligence, candor, and forthrightness that make the University as successful as it is. The credit goes to them and we accept this award in their names and on their behalf.

After the glamor of New York and Hollywood, radio networks and magazine covers, I wondered back there in the late '40s how Georgia and Kay would find Chapel Hill as a new home. I soon learned all was well. Kay had already made it clear to me that there were *two* college presidents living in Chapel Hill, and he really wasn't too sure of that new fellow on the block! I wondered what Georgia would think when she encountered Louis Graves, or Billy Carmichael, or Wallace Caldwell, or Robert House, or Albert Coates, or Archibald Henderson. But early on, I found out that Georgia's hometown was Blooming Grove, Texas, and I knew everything was OK. Her enormous energy, intelligence, and active involvement in anything she does make it successful. But there is within her a warm and gentle spirit, sensitive to human suffering and deprivation, that compels her and she responds. We have seen these qualities through a privileged friendship she and Kay have shared with us and for which Ida and I are most grateful.

I first encountered Bill Aycock over forty years ago at North Carolina State and in the NYA work. He came to Raleigh from Lucama and became student body president, cadet colonel, academic leader, and he was involved in everything else a student could be. After four years of World War II, we met again in the UNC Law School. Bill was editor-in-chief of the *Law Review* and the first member of our class to be chosen for the law faculty, but he was teaching us long before we finished

school. He was my first major appointment when he accepted my invitation to serve as chancellor of the University at Chapel Hill. How I wish I could have been as right about other major decisions as I was about that one. As is everything he does, his term as chancellor was simply first-rate; and today every student generation cites him as a truly great teacher. His students achieve because he inspires them to do their best by always doing and being his best. Tonight, he got a little careless with his judgment and the truth, but I thank him anyway. And especially, Bill, I thank you and your dear Grace for the abiding friendship you have shared so abundantly with Ida and me over all these years. You are a blessing in our lives.

Archie Davis is North Carolina's Renaissance Man. A profound success in his chosen professional career by any standard of measurement and all criteria, he has made the transition from corporate success to working scholar at Chapel Hill. I have read his manuscripts on Colonel Burgwyn and they are first rate. Now in his second career as lecturer, author, and scholar, he is powered by his love for learning and his love for this place — and that affection runs very deep. Whether his attention is presently focused on the Research Triangle Foundation, or the National Humanities Center, or the University Press or the several foundations, his fundamental motivation is the resulting benefit to Chapel Hill. He keeps a loving and watchful eye on this place and is ever ready to join any effort to bring greater glory to the University. For all of us, I thank this warm and good man and, Arch, I want you to know that all of us are really very proud of your scholarly achievements, and we deeply appreciate your lifetime of service to this place.

For Ida, our daughter Fran and her husband Jack who are here, and our daughters Mary and Betsy who could not join us, we thank you for the privilege that has been ours for nearly forty years of being a part of

the University of North Carolina. And it is a privilege to know and to work with such wonderful people and together share sorrow and joy, triumph and defeat, in the common faith that in the end, the effort will make the world a bit better.

Let me say something about the University that I want to say. Any place that is doing something creative, that is striving to serve all citizens effectively and is being truthful and candid in dealing with problems, is inevitably going to disturb people. Most of us do not like to change too much. If the University at Chapel Hill ever ceases to be a loving and caring critic, the state will surely suffer. This history of the University sustains its commitment to freedom. Now, more than ever before, it is imperative that we protect, and make even more secure, freedom of inquiry and freedom of expression, which, when exercised responsibly, make possible the University's intellectual, moral, and professional leadership in North Carolina and the nation.

We all are swept up in the emergence of new technology and science and the evolving changes in global access, food production, industrial development, the mining of the sea, and the colonization of space. And whether we want to or not, and because our survival depends upon it, we must face the many human problems that are out there — and they are in North Carolina, too: hunger, disease, ignorance, greed, poverty, unemployment. Being a part of this great University has taught me that you can do something to make these conditions better and we can improve the lot of those less fortunate, if we work at it. They may be with us always, but we can reduce the pain and suffering and hunger and eliminate ignorance. And I believe that first among the means of stabilizing this world is building better relationships between and among people the world over. This effort should begin at home — with and among our own people and with this University.

I believe a distinguishing quality of men and women of Chapel Hill has been individual performance driven by the personal motivation and personal commitment to reach out, to extend one's hand to help, and to exercise the courage and burn the energy to make one's life count for something. It is the inculcation of that commitment of self-giving, of

sharing of one's energies and resources in the most intelligent way, of thinking and acting creatively to improve our lot, that is the everlasting glory of this University. It is what we call the spirit of Chapel Hill.

A different day is upon us now, and my generation must now make way for new and different leadership. This is our history, but the important circumstance is that we remain faithful to this spirit of Chapel Hill; when we do, there is no reason to fear the future; rather, let us rejoice that the opportunity of a lifetime is before us to be met with all our strength and with joyful hearts.

Let me close with a personal note for which I ask your indulgence. Next Sunday, Ida and I will celebrate 42 wonderful years of marriage. She and our children are the joy of my life and these years have been a glorious adventure. And but for her love and constant support and total giving of her life, I could not have done much. All, save four years spent in the Navy, have been years of association with the University. Betsy, Mary, Fran, Ida, and I have known no other family home. For them and myself, too, I thank each of you — and hundreds of others who are a part of our lives but who could not join us tonight — for your never-ending friendship and abiding support. Your gift of love is our most cherished memory. It is a great country when a girl from Back Swamp and a boy from Dallas, like hundreds of others weary from war, may come here as total strangers and find in Chapel Hill with others from Lucama, Blooming Grove, and Snow Hill such a rich and rewarding life. So, next to our families and our churches, let us guard and protect this place with all of our strength and might; this is trusteeship you and I hold and must faithfully discharge.

All the Fridays and Jack thank you for this memorable occasion and we pray that the Father of us all who has blessed you and each of us by giving us life in all its meaning will watch over you and bless and keep each one of you in the years to come.

North Caroliniana Society, Inc.

North Carolina Collection
UNC Library 024-A
Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514

Chartered on September 11, 1975, as a private nonprofit corporation under provisions of Chapter 55A of the *General Statutes of North Carolina*, the North Caroliniana Society has as its main purpose the promotion of increased knowledge and appreciation of North Carolina heritage through studies, publications, meetings, seminars, and other programs, especially through assistance to the North Carolina Collection of The University of North Carolina Library in the acquisition, preservation, care, use, and display of, and the promotion of interest in, historical and literary materials relating to North Carolina and North Carolinians. The Society, a tax-exempt organization under provisions of Section 501(c)(3) of the Internal Revenue Code, depends upon the contributions, bequests, and devises of its members and friends.

Unofficially limited to one hundred North Carolinians who have contributed significantly to the state, the Society elects additional individuals meeting its criterion of "adjudged performance," thus bringing together men and women who have shown their respect for and commitment to our state's unique historical, literary, and cultural inheritance.

A highlight of the Society's year is the presentation of the North Caroliniana Society Award to an individual adjudged to have given unusually distinguished service over a period of years to the encouragement, promotion, enhancement, production, and preservation of North Caroliniana.

The North Carolina Collection, the headquarters for the North Caroliniana Society, has been called the "Conscience of North Carolina," for it seeks to preserve for present and future generations all that has been or is published about the state and its localities and people or by North Carolinians, regardless of subject. In this mission the Collection's clientele is broader than the University community; indeed, it is the entire citizenry of North Carolina as well as those outside the state whose research extends to North Carolina or North Carolinians. Its acquisitions are made possible by gifts and private endowment funds; thus, it also represents the respect that North Carolinians have for their heritage. Members of the North Caroliniana Society have a very special relationship to this unique institution which traces its beginnings back to 1844 and which is unchallenged as the outstanding collection of printed North Caroliniana in existence. A leaflet, "North Carolina's Literary Heritage," is available without charge from the Collection.

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